

## The Empire of Desire

Rain drumming the trunk  
lid, bent under, creased  
suit, cigarette, a cold

calling salesman conducts  
his jokes in tails  
of smoke, a run-

through, with free hand dealing  
catalogs, samples. He roots out

pens, too, and (scene or slut-  
depending) calendars.

The petty corruption  
of life obtains

a history  
as grand  
as any.

